

# GENERAL JENKINS' HOME OFFERED AS D. OF C. MEMORIAL

## War Tradition Clings To Home In Green Bottom

Daughter of Civil War Hero  
Lives Alone With  
Memories

WOULD PERPETUATE  
GLORY IN SHRINE

Grandeur of Old South  
Fleets Through Halls of  
Historic Mansion

By HAROLD FALLER

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**O**F the endless stream of motorists shuttling back and forth between Huntington and Mason county few realize as they race through picturesque Green Bottom that they are brushing past Cabell county's one great monument to a bygone age, the age that ended with Lee at Appomattox.

No cold slab of marble, no lifeless shaft of granite, no pretentious mausoleum is this monument. It is a century-old brick building standing between the B. & O. railroad and the Ohio river. Few notice it as they speed past as it is almost completely screened from the road by a grove of trees. Within its ancient walls dwells the spirit of the Confederacy.

Here a white haired lady lives alone — with her traditions and her dreams. This solitary figure is Miss Jenkins. She is simply "Miss Jenkins, of the Green Bottom Homestead." That is sufficient, she says.

The traditions with which this lady (no other word would suffice, despite its general newspaper taboo) lives are the traditions of a great past. Her dreams are of a future that will be a fitting monument to that past.

Miss Jenkins is the daughter of General Albert Gallatin Jenkins, of Civil war fame. In this house her father was reared. To it she came with her mother for the summer vacations until the seventh year of her life. In it were staged the most brilliant social functions of an era now past. In it culture and intellectual attainments were developed to their highest peak. From it Albert Gallatin Jenkins, plantation owner, slave holder, lawyer, scholar, congressman and country gentleman, rode forth in response to his native state's call to arms. All this he left, never to return—alive, except for one brief furlough.

When the Jenkins' Green Bottom home was built about 1830 the estate comprised 4,441 acres extending from Millersport to the Mason county line. It was said in those days that the Jenkins' property "extended seven miles along the river front and as far back into the hills as they would pay taxes."

The house, a massive colonial brick, singularly like the birthplace of George Washington, is truly indigorous to the soil upon which it stands. Its bricks were made by Jenkins' slaves of clay from the Jenkins' land in a brickyard on the Jenkins' estate. The timbers were hewed from the forest which covered many of the original 4,441 acres.

The house faces the river with its back to the highway, as if to shun the modern interlopers who scurry hither and yon like ants, furiously busy, with no regard for the leisure and culture which still cling to its hoary walls like the vines which have grown up around them.

The general was born in a temporary building occupied by his parents until the brick structure was completed. This house stood between the present home and the Ohio river road alongside the B. & O. railway.

General Jenkins' father was Captain William Jenkins, who came to Greenbottom from Virginia. His other sons Thomas Jefferson and Dr. William Alexander Jenkins, also served in the Confederate army.

The war brought evil times on the Jenkins' homestead. When the remnants of the gray host that marched away in '61 returned the General was not among them. He had been mortally wounded in the battle of Cloyd's mountain May 8, 1864. He died May 21 at A. M. Guthrie's home near the battlefield. The body was not returned until after the war and was buried in the family burial plot on the hillside just south of the Ohio river road. There it lay until many years later when it was reinterred in Spring Hill cemetery where it rests with his comrades in the plot reserved for Confederate soldiers.

The death of the head of the household was not the only disaster to befall it. The close of the war brought troubled times. Litigation ensued and the estate was sold parcel by parcel until only 130 of the original 4,441 acres remain.

Miss Jenkins was born in Salem, Va., whither her mother had moved with her children to be near her husband who, with General McCausland, was directing the campaign for the defense of Lynchburg.

After the war Miss Jenkins, an infant in arms, lived in St. Louis, returning every summer to the old Green Bottom homestead. Her education was begun in the elementary schools of the Missouri metropolis, continued in a Catholic convent in Ohio, and concluded in a Methodist academy in Kentucky.

But it was not until after she left the academy that her real education began, she says. She spent a number of years in Europe and has traveled extensively in America, lecturing and pursuing educational work. She is an authority on Egyptian art and architecture. For thirty years, while engaged in library and school work in New York, Miss Jenkins lived in one block on Broadway.

To restore the family homestead to the condition in which her father left it more than half a century ago this remarkable personage has given up the soft luxuries of the cultured urbanite for the primitive life of the West Virginia hills. Her music now is only the singing of the thrush, the robins and the Kentucky cardinals; instead of the gay night sounds of the city all she hears in her solitude is the booming of the frogs and the whirl of the katydids; the glow worms of the Ohio river bottomlands take the place of the dazzling lights of Broadway. But she has no regrets; no desire to give up that which she has for that which she had. On the contrary she is fired with a determination to hold fast to the old home and preserve it as a shrine for the daughters of the confederacy down through the ages, that future generations may not forget the glory that passed with the war and the sacrifices for it. To this end she has opened negotiations with the Cabell county Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy. It is her plan to have the house removed exactly as it is to a table of high ground south of the road where it would be above high water.

The old kitchen was swept away by the 1913 flood. She would restore too six other buildings forming the original group, which have disappeared—a smoke house, servants' quarters and an ample brick building which General Jenkins used as his office.

The reception hall where the social, intellectual and political leaders of western Virginia foregathered in those ante-bellum days, bears the scars of several floods. The high water of 1913 climbed midway from the floor to the ceiling and in several places the plaster has fallen away. This hall is Miss Jenkins' favorite living room. Here, reclining on a steamer chair she dines—alone, beside a kerosene lamp she sits through the long hours of the evening reading. A stand which she made herself is her table, and an inverted stone crock perched upon it is the base of her reading lamp. On the

table are her two favorite books, the Bible and The Life of Robert E. Lee.

The building and grounds would be maintained by the Daughters of the Confederacy as a war memorial. And no more appropriate monument could be conceived. The Jenkins home and the Jenkins family typified the strict traditions of the Old South. They were aristocrats to the purple born. General Jenkins was educated at Jefferson College and was graduated from Harvard law school at the age of 20. He was one of the leading barristers of this section and was elected twice to congress. He was a delegate to the national democratic convention in Cincinnati in 1856—at the age of 26.

General Jenkins' war record is one of the most brilliant chapters of a glorious history. He entered the service as colonel but his magnificent leadership soon won him promotion to the rank of brigadier general.

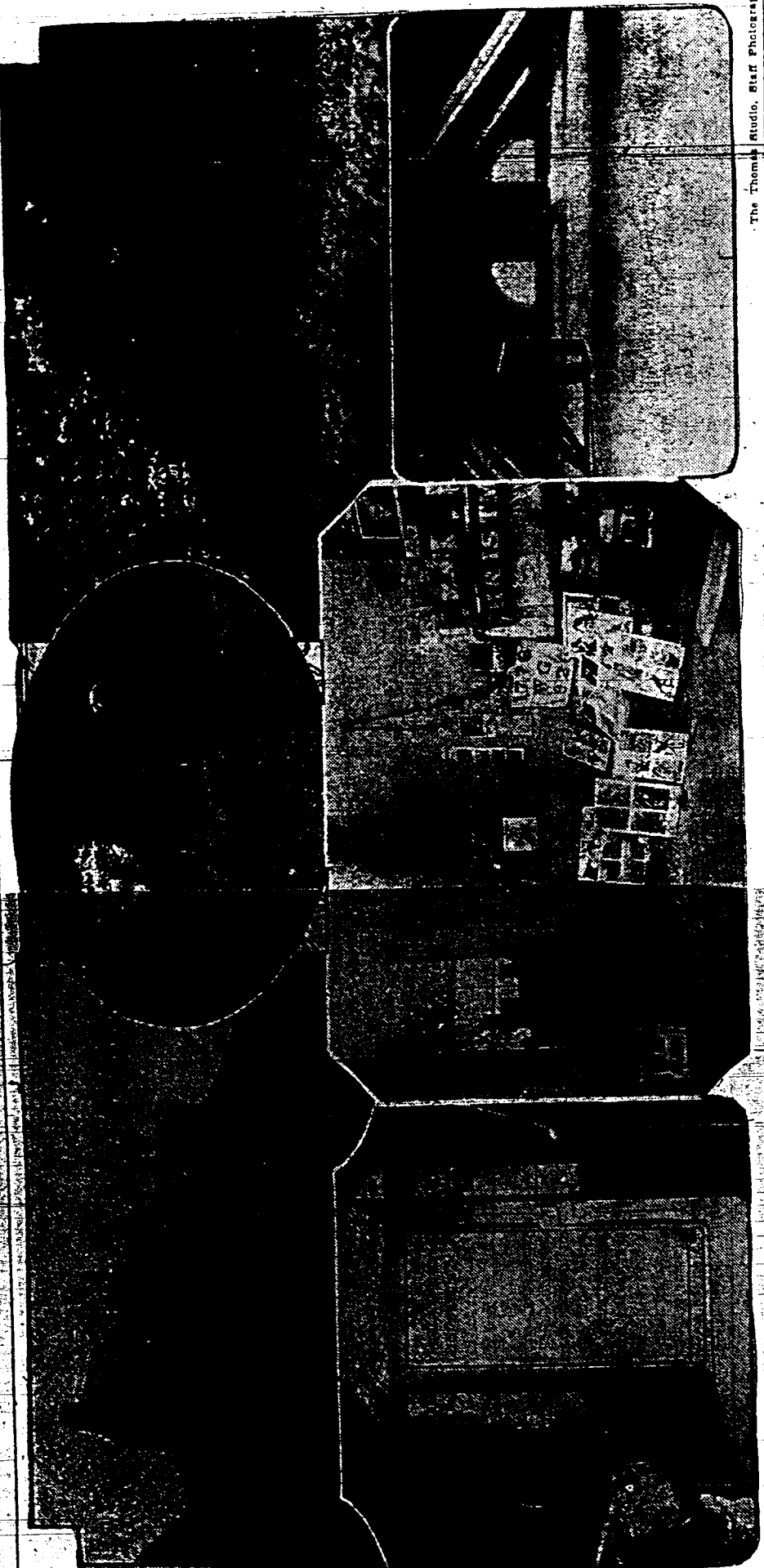
He was wounded at Gettysburg, and served in the Shenandoah campaign,

in the operations of Western Virginia and the Wilderness. He was renowned as a fearless fighter, a dashing leader and a master strategist. He died as he lived, with his face to the enemy.

It is recorded that when the Union army swept across the battlefield at Cloyd's mountain "like a blue cloud," General Jenkins, pistol in hand, rode up and down the line in front of his wavering ranks, oblivious of the hail of lead that broke like a cloudburst, urging them to hold fast and face the storm. These troops were not his regular command. Inspired by their leader's utter fearlessness the line held and the threatened rout became an orderly retreat. But the intrepid leader who saved the day was carried from the field mortally wounded, with a bullet through his chest.

The daughter of this man who lives in the old homestead alone with her dreams and traditions is the incarnation of all that made her father famous. His unconquerable spirit is ablaze in her today as it was in him

# Home Of Confederate Hero Is One Of County's Most Historic Places



The Thomas Studio, Staff Photographers.

Upper left: The Jenkins homestead; center Miss Jenkins (the only view the photographer could get); upper right, circular grove planted by Miss Jenkins adjoining the home; lower left—reception hall showing fan painted doorway and vista looking towards the river; center, pictures, charts, and miniature castle used by Miss Jenkins in educational work; right, attic of Jenkins home.

In '61. The culture and leadership that set him apart a man among men, is manifest in her. The stranger immediately feels he is in the presence, not of a person, but a personage. The air is charged with the dynamic force of her personality. Her eyes glow and flash with the changing moods as her father's must have when pleading in court, haranguing in congress or leading his men into battle.

Miss Jenkins' interest in educational work is as keen as when she was actively engaged in that profession. She keeps one room of her home filled with charts and pictures for nature study, and has built a miniature castle of card board and brown paper, using rolled oats boxes for the minaret.

Although an expert photographer she has an aversion to being photographed and the rear view shown in the accompanying illustration is the only picture the photographer was able to get of her. She has refused for years to permit a portrait of her to be made.

I asked Miss Jenkins if she did not get lonesome living all to herself. She hesitated for the briefest fraction of a moment.

"Only when one of my dogs die," she replied. She had fourteen of

them at one time. All have gone but one.

Miss Jenkins's only sister, Alberta Galletin, of New York was a celebrated actress of the past generation. And a stage career was open to her. It is said her fame would have equalled her illustrious sister's if she had chosen to heed the call of the footlights. Her voice still retains its vibrant resonance, the modulation of her tones and the living drama of her expression